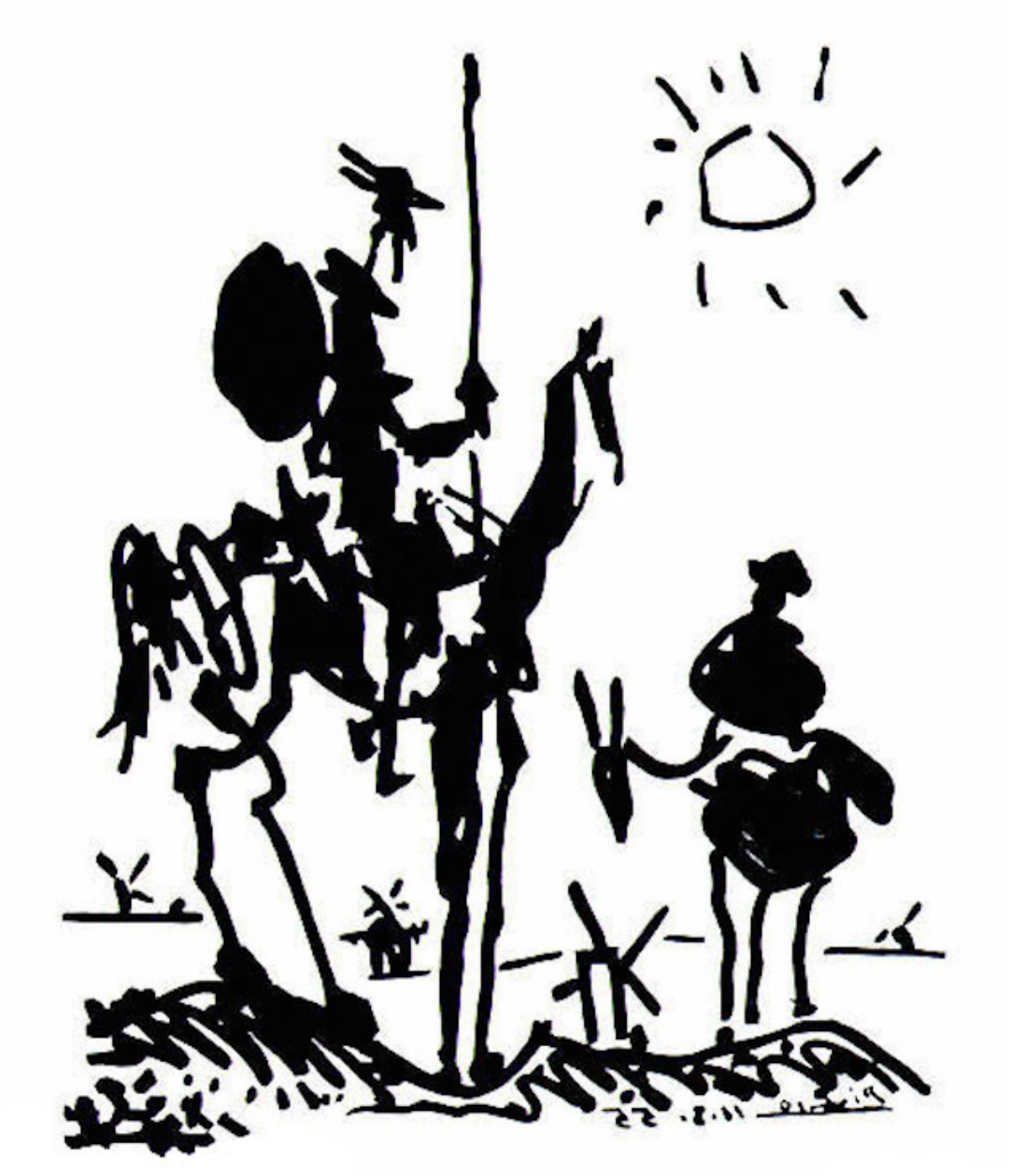
Lost in Translation

The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Preface

Greetings,

The challenges of communication are many from any get-go. Whether exchanges are oral or written, every mind has its entirely unique frame of reference, and there is no way any wordplay can ever be translated as the original frame of reference intended. Even if terms are precisely defined, every interaction is the same Telephone Game (a.k.a., Chinese Whispers) that many played in their youth.

This work is blogged at:

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The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. "Yay" if it is your fate to figure it out. "Oh well" if it is not. And "so it goes" either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

"The Stillness Before Time" is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The "Breadcrumbs" titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and

again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

“The Return to Wonder” blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind’s eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. The keywords used to select the following content include: Translation, translate, translating.

P.P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Breadcrumbs 2019
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Breadcrumbs 2020
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https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2021.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.pdf

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
https://grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.pdf

History, History & More History
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/historyhistoryandmorehistory.pdf

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
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Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
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Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
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Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
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Science, Science & More Science
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sciencescienceandmorescience.pdf

Titles, Titles & More Titles
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Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles
https://theevenmoreseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theevenmoreseries.pdf

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/59momentstothewayitisandisnot.pdf

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofthehumanjourney.pdf

The Mystery of the Mystery
https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/themysteryofthemysteryseries.pdf

The Real is Discovering
https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/therealisdiscoveringseries.pdf

To Be, or Not to Be
https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thetobeornottobeseries.pdf

Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf

Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.pdf

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Translation Defined

trans·la·tion| ˌtran(t)sˈlāSH(ə)n, ˌtranzˈlāSH(ə)n |
noun

1 the process of translating words or text from one language into another:
Constantine's translation of Arabic texts into Latin.

• a written or spoken rendering of the meaning of a word,
speech, book, or other text, in another language:
a German translation of Oscar Wilde's play |
a term for which there is no adequate English translation.

• the conversion of something from one form or medium into another:
the translation of research findings into clinical practice.

• Biology the process by which a sequence of nucleotide triplets in a messenger RNA molecule gives rise to a specific sequence of amino acids during synthesis of a polypeptide or protein.

2 formal or technical the process of moving something from one place to another:
the translation of the relics of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

• Mathematics movement of a body from one point of space to another
such that every point of the body moves in the same direction and over the same distance,
without any rotation, reflection, or change in size.

1 a translation of the “Odyssey”:
rendering, rendition, gloss, conversion, construing, transcription, transliteration, metaphrase.

2 a modern translation of Hamlet's “to be, or not to be” speech:
rendition, adaptation, version, rendering, paraphrase, paraphrasing, rewording, rephrase,
rephrasing, recasting, conversion, deciphering, decoding, gloss, crib,
simplification, explanation, elucidation, clarification.

3 the translation of these policies into practice will vary according to local circumstances:
change, conversion, transformation, alteration, adaptation, turning,
metamorphosis, transmutation, transfiguration, rendering;
humorous transmogrification.

4 the translation of the Archbishop's remains from London to Canterbury:
relocation, transfer, transferral, move, moving, movement,
removal,shift, conveyance, conveying, transport, transportation.

The Stillness Before Time

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey, its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve very much alone in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space-time, of consciousness with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading; one that attempts to look beyond humanity's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions, one that values insight and wisdom, one that elevates rather than detracts, one that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations to create solutions to problems all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped that time and space do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises and compromising, shortsighted decisions.

Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs each and every one of us envision, translate differently. Thoughts of god or gods, love, morality, money, tradition, politics, ad infinitum, inspire a myriad of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, fantasy, make-believe, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, they are lead dancer in their chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual mind plays out incalculable variations of the passion born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset fabricates in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything but through the conditioned choices of imagination that some call free will. Those who discern their own law see this manifest play far differently than those who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature to become that to which they aspire; intuitively, spontaneously free to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain the greatest vision are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the drama to which all are witness. It is a vision so infinite as to include each and every one of us, along with all the other myriad life forms across the planet, as its source.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective delusional ignorance, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following insincere leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, greedy, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline as true human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures great and small, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am to which mystics across the world throughout time point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough to see that ethereal thing called truth is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all to see that every form born of space-time is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind's eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes.

M

Got God?

Do you believe in God? If so, describe what you mean by that?

Godness is the "I am That I Am" within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every drama imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind, the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how you slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

If you were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo though the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

Do you believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

Can prayer heal the sick?

If you really have faith, do you need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging. and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

Describe a spiritual experience you have had recently.

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is source to all creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

What is the soul?

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same quantum mystery residing in everything from the smallest particle of an atom to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as seen through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning

garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements are born of the illusion of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of Self, witness to the reality and unreality of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world, and the inherent rights of all creatures great to small. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

III

Treat others at least as well as you would prefer they treat you. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be you.

IV

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

V

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

Share what you have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those you serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

VII

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

VIII

Bring children into this world only if you intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

IX

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

X

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that you cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which you are so attached.

XXII

When languages are made an end in themselves,
We forget their original purpose was communication.
No word, no concept, has ever, or will ever, capture reality.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

36

Truth is not comfortable
For those not comfortable with truth.
It has a way of becoming a lie when lost in translation.

80

Where is the center of the universe, if not you?
At least in your imaginary translation, anyway.

84

It is through the play of consciousness that the mystery,
Witnesses your translation of manifest dreamtime.
The many mythological stories explaining creation,
Are simply tales attempting to explain the inexplicable.
How unfortunate so few are interested, much less capable,
Of perceiving beyond the attachment to one identity or another.
What an eternal garden this world might be if idealism was set aside,
And wisdom and insight, gained sway, in this theater of human invention.

125

Who was the real Jesus?
Everyone has a unique translation,
But no one can ever know the living, breathing man,
Long dead, long gone, nothing more than an idol, a figment in any mind,
As are we all.

200

There is an indescribable, eternal immensity,
In the innermost sanctum, to which you alone have access,
To which words cannot help but be caught, by the limitations of translation,
By the capacity for discernment, of any given listener's ear.

208

The writer knows what is being written, but what are you reading?
The speaker knows what is being expressed, but is that what you are hearing?
Everything you see and touch and hear and feel and smell, is but a temporal, arbitrary translation,
Of the subjective nature-nurture mind-body, in which the sentience of awareness harbors.
The witness, before which, creation is filtered through the caprice of imagination;
In which observer is never the observed, and observed, never the observer.

True objectivity is an unattainable ideal, an unreachable brass ring,
Which even science can never more than pretend to attain.

209

Despite all the many different languages, different cultures, across this pale blue dot,
What is the likelihood that every conversation across space and time,
Is not a derivative of the same human paradigm?

220

Death will merely be the finale, to your unique translation of history.

223

Facts need not be translated as romantic or ethereal notions.

303

How can it be anything more than streaming sensation?
The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the skin,
Are nothing more than nerve endings, channeling into the brain,
Which every moment imagines a conditioned translation of what is called a universe.
A solitary dream of consciousness, awareness playing its Self real,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

324

You already are the eternal life.
For what is there to pray?
What need for some imaginary god?
You alone translate creation into heavens and hells.

357

All translation must be observed with a dubious, discerning eye;
Especially the interpreter, the sorter, the filter, in your own inured mind.
Everything you perceive, translates through the biases of your frame of reference;
Entirely subjective, entirely slanted, entirely unique, entirely idiosyncratic, entirely alone.
Step back from your conditioning, and realize, from the dispassionate view of the quantum matrix,
That your entire existence, from womb to grave, is all nothing more than the huff and puff of imagination.

464

Talk to anyone as much as you please,
It is up to them to listen as sincerely as possible,

To get the truest, most viable translation.
It is about inquiry, not dogma.

490

What is memory, but electrical impulses whizzing down neural trails?
What is emotion, but biochemical secretions oozing through membranes?
It is imagination's translation of sensation, that navigates any given existence.

499

What is any history but what some storyteller's imaginary frame of reference,
Coupled with the translation of your frame of reference.
Very dubious from the get-go.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Leftovers

How can words ever be as exact as you would have them be?
So much can be mislaid or misinterpreted in any translation.

* * * *

A big factor in mortal existence is your ability to endure your own suffering,
And your response to the suffering throughout your translation of the world.

* * * *

A garden world chock-full of two-leggeds,
Many believing they are the pinnacles of normal,
All judging their naughty-nice translation from on high.
Who can ever measure up for long, if at all?

* * * *

To what are you ultimately attached but the conditioning
Of a mind each and every moment consuming, translating, a sensory feed,
Through the filters of a time-bound frame of reference inspired by the given nature-nurture.

* * * *

What you discern, what you glean, from your world, from your universe,
Is but a reflection of the frame of reference, the filter, doing the translating.

* * * *

Life is an ever-changing universe, a convoluted maze with many, many doors.
You wander through the halls of your mind's translation, your imagination's rendering.
Some doors open, some do not; some open easily, some never at all; some open now, but not later;
Some are locked now, but open later; and some, many, most, never will.
Each mind has its fate, but only looking back.

* * * *

You peruse these many thoughts,
But how you translate them
Is entirely based on the frame of reference
Through which your time-bound mortal dream timelessly filters.

* * * *

In the play of space-time, why would, why should, how could,
Anyone ever live their life according to some translation
Other than the one their sensory dream imagines.

* * * *

Every organism under any given star has a completely different translation of the universe.
Which begs the question, is there even a real universe that stands alone and true?

Or are all nothing more than unique, arbitrary quantum creations,
Done and undone and done again times beyond counting.
Light dancing its Self manifest, for whatever forever dreamtime allows.

* * * *

There appear to be many others of every imaginable variety,
But it is all really truly the awareness you very much alone are,
Translating the sensory play as the ever-present now unfolds.
The singular you, chattering away to your Self, so to speak.

* * * *

It is only imagination that feels happy or sorry or anything else, for its imaginary self.
Imagination ever-translating the ever-streaming sensory perceptions
Into endless shades of emotional gratification.
How can the timeless awareness prior to consciousness,
Feel anything for the still emptiness from which it springs eternal?

* * * *

It is the awareness of the light within that shines out upon the world, upon the universe,
But it is consciousness that invents your version, your account, your interpretation,
Your translation, your rendition, your exploration, your understanding, your conclusion,
Of all the myriad experiences that come and go within the sensory perception of the given vessel.

* * * *

These many thoughts mean to me whatever they mean to you.
All translation is filtered through the conditioning of the beholder.

* * * *

When thought is understood to be vibration,
There is the potential to discern, to discover,
The movement need not translate into identity.

Soundbites

Rarely is anything not diminished or lost in translation.

* * * *

Within any aphorism is a pregnancy of meaning for those who translate deeply.

* * * *

What point words and numbers that do not translate into daily living?

* * * *

How can any translation be anything but subjective?

* * * *

Is faith anything more than dread translated into the delusion of hope?

* * * *

All translations are dubious harbors.

* * * *

Every ear, every mind, its own translation.

Breadcrumbs

What is any given ditty but wandering through one experience or another,
And then writing about it for others to translate as their given wit allows.

* * * *

Always interesting to see how these many ditties play out as they come to mind:
As they are first written down, what happens in translation when they are transcribed,
What happens when they are edited, how they are read, if they even are read.
Any given ditty can mutate into something very different at any stage
From the original thought first bubbled into consciousness.

* * * *

An entirely original creation, a gift for the future to translate, or not.
It is not a crystal ball; just a variety of ponderings from a guy
Who feels called to scribble down the random thought.
Art is its own reward.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Leftovers

When sensory-mind surrenders to the ever-present awareness,
The world, the universe, as it is imagined, disappears into a timelessness,
And the senses simply function as the un-translated, un-rendered dreammakers they are.

* * * *

Translation.
More translation.
Even more translation.

Soundbites

Translation, more translation, even more translation.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Leftovers

Many things are said and written,
But it is you who must translate them
As your frame of reference deigns.

* * * *

From their creation so long ago, your vast tree of naturally-selected seed lines,
Passed on their genome who knows how many times, how many places, how many ways,
Until, there you are, sitting in this timeless right-here-right-now, translating this,
Discerning the magical-mystery of existence as relatively few ever have.

* * * *

Ponder, if you will, every life form from great to small, sentient to insentient,
All born of the same indivisible mystery, all born with the same immutable awareness.
Each and every one, very much alone, crafting its own unique translation of the quantum play,
Each and every one simultaneously imagining an existence, a world, a universe, in its own distinct way.

Soundbites

When awareness focuses upon its translation, the quantum cloud crystalizes into illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Leftovers

There is no history, only historians.
There is no translation, only translators.
There are no Christs, there are no Buddhas,
Only middlemen and followers and circus tents.

* * * *

Awareness is awareness.
What is to intellectualize?
What is to mythologize?
What is to dogmatize?
What is to illuminate?
What is to symbolize?
What is to systemize?
What is to idolatrize?
What is to translate?
What is to elucidate?
What is to canonize?
What is to ritualize?
What is to worship?
What is to convert?
What is to believe?
What is to imagine?
What is to venerate?
What is to persuade?
What is to interpret?
What is to formalize?
What is to evangelize?
What is to proselytize?
What is to propagandize?
What is to institutionalize?
What is to traditionalize?
What is to anything?

Soundbites

All translations fall short of the author's intention.

* * * *

You spin your life as if it is real, but all anyone hears is a story translated through their own.

* * * *

What point to philosophy that does not translate into daily living?

Breadcrumbs 2021

Leftovers

What translation can ever fully grasp the scribe's vision,
And the frame of reference from which it was dictated?

Soundbites

Whether or not, you accurately translate what was written, is not the author's burden.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Soundbites

If you are unable to decipher American English, circa Year 2000, Anno Domini-Common Era,
Specifically, California Great Central Valley, with a Germanic, Midwestern-Southern, lingual mélange,
You will, alas, more than likely have great difficulty reading even a few pages of this manifesto.
For all languages require frame of reference compatibility, to be even partially grasped.
So, be wary of all translations, should such an unlikely thing ever come to pass.

* * * *

Many philosophical works, from all times, from all geographies, have been translated into many tongues.
Which means, what readers are reading, is subjective interpretation of an author's original intentions.
Some works have been strained through several languages, through several frames of reference.
So, who knows if any of those who inquire, have at all gleaned, what was initially written.
And that assumes, of course, that the rendition of the original storyteller can be trusted.

* * * *

It would take a very astute translator to even closely transcribe this into any other language but English.
In fact, as any linguist knows, it will be quickly unreadable for English readers,
Only a few centuries, perhaps decades, down the road.
It does not matter that it is read, nor that it have impact, but, that it was written.

* * * *

The world, the universe, you in mind, in imagination, create, is yours, and yours alone.
Like fingerprints and genomic sequences, no world, no universe, can ever be seen the same.
And the translation between all these worlds, all these universes, well, you see how that has gone.
We are as close to getting along peacefully as the ancestors that exited the jungles long ago.

* * * *

Language being the ever-changing play of consciousness that it is,
How can there ever be true translation between two or more frames of reference?
Even the most sincere, serious, intent between two like-minds
Can stumble along unshared trails.

* * * *

Memories are but electromagnetic-chemical reactions, perceived by awareness.
They can never be what really happened from more than a single perspective, yours.
Your frame of reference, your translation, your values, your opinions, your judgments.

* * * *

To interpret anything clearly, accurately,
The translator must possess a wide-ranging frame of reference,
Including language, history, culture, art, philosophy, folktales, myths, metaphors, symbols,
And whatever else intersects, intertwines, the present context,
With that of the original source.

Soundbites

Anything you learn is a translation of your frame of reference.

* * * *

No one knows what you are translating but you.

* * * *

How was it meant? However you translate it.

Breadcrumbs

If parts of this body of work are someday translated into other languages,
Who can ever truly know whether or not the interpretations of the sundry frames of reference,
Are even remotely close to what was intended, envisioned, by this quantum mind,
In the context of the original window of the dream called time.
Beware all translations; especially your own.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Under Construction

The Return to Wonder

IV

When thought is understood to be vibration,
There is the potential to perceive, to discern,
The movement need not translate into identity.

XV

What is any existence but a conditioned projection;
Every moment translated by the filters of consciousness,
To which, through habituation, you have become so attached.

XIX

What you hear another say, is ever your own translation, your own projection.
You must discern your own way in the dreamtime passing before your awareness.

XLI

Capacity does not necessarily translate into interest.

LXXV

How the spiritual impulse translates into daily living
Depends on the motley permutations that have shaped
The illusory individuality into the quest for indivisibility.

LXXV

What's the point of philosophy if it does not translate into daily living?

CXLV

Yet another war of translation.

CXLVI

Anything can be translated accurately or inaccurately; frame of reference is all.

CXLVIII

With any interpretation, with any translation, with any paraphrase, with any summary,
How can one not alter, change, revise, amend, modify, lose, some meaning, some nuance?
Even with a common language, every mind is harbor to its own frame-of-reference rendition.

CLI

Can any translation ever fully capture the original meaning, the original intention?

CLXXII

Unlikely any translation can ever completely grasp any given author's exact meaning.

CCI

Beware of the figurative being translated literally.

CCXIX

Every mask, every body, ever donned, has fallen off, again and again.
Consciousness incarnating, consciousness imagining, each and every character.
Ever-remembering, ever-forgetting, within the illusory kaleidoscoping of the space-time matrix.
The mind-body, ever changing, ever morphing, even as you translate these words.
It can never be more, it can never be less, than the unchanging moment.
And yet, through it all, imagination ever imagines it all tangible;
The same entity, the same identity, from birth to death.

CCXXXVII

Poor translation tends to sow the seeds to a bountiful harvest,
Of confusion and ignorance and dogma and conflict,
Down the winding yellow brick road of time.

CCXXXVIII

How much has been lost in translation.

CCXXXIX

You wonder what others think of you,
And again and again, it ever ends up being,
Whatever judgment you project into the translation.

* * * *

From the moment any thought is expressed, any moment is experienced,
It undergoes a translation within the mind of the perceiver.
Who knows what human history would be,
Had so much not been altered in all the renditions.

CCXLII

There may be nothing new under the sun, but it is all new in your translation.

CCXLVII

Be very wary of translations, including your own.

CCXLVII

Individual universes being the dreams they are,
There is always something lost in any translation.

CCXLIX

How can any translation ever be at all accurate?
There are far too many differences in any given mind,
To ever completely fathom another's perspective.

CCLI

The Bible, originally spoken and transcribed in Aramaic,
Then to Greek to Latin to English to who knows how many others.
An extremely challenging, complicated thing, translation.
Never quite the same as originally said or written,
No matter how scholarly the intention.

CCLXIII

Insightful thoughts, whether spoken or written,
Do not readily translate into the articulation intended,
In minds not cultivated, not nourished, for serious inquiry.

CCLXXVIII

Is there anything that cannot be distilled, translated, into some form of wisdom?

CCLXXX

Wisdom translates into all languages,
For those with the hankering and capacity,
To appreciate the incalculable number of insights,
Offered across the dream of space and time.

CCLXXXI

Humankind is incapable of tolerating, much less loving one another.
Or was that commandment from the past: Love One in another?
So many languages, so many writings, so many translations.
How can anyone ever be sure, what they are reading,
Is at all close to what the author really intended?

CCLXXXVII

The first seer, whoever it was, whenever it was, wherever it was, awakened, unaided.
His translation of the universe, his translation of the mystery, fostered realization.
Your universe, your mystery, your translation, is very much the same process.

CCXCII

Consciousness creates the notions of family, lovers, friends, acquaintances, strangers, adversaries.
Everything kaleidoscoping, everything forming and unforming, everything translating,
Into a cosmic tapestry, woven together by the dreaming of imagination.

CCXCIII

Why leave any teachings up to the potentially
Error-filled translations of oral traditions,
When so many modern conduits are now available,
For anyone to delve into full Monty versions for themselves.

CCXCV

Any translation is only as accurate as the frame of reference of the translator.

* * * *

Every eye, every ear, every nose, every tongue, every skin, every mind, creates its own translation.

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!